

THE GALLAUDET GUIDE, AND DEAF-MUTES' COMPANION.

An Independent Monthly Journal,---Devoted to the Interests of Deaf Mutes.

VOL. 2.

AMOS SMITH, JR.,
Editor.

BOSTON, MASS., APRIL, 1861.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR,
Payable in Advance.

NO 4.

The Gallaudet Guide,

AND

DEAF-MUTES' COMPANION.

Published on the First of every month by
"THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION
OF DEAF-MUTES."
Devoted to the interests of Deaf-Mutes in
particular, but designed to contribute to the
information of all.

TERMS.—\$1.00 a year, invariably in advance.
Subscriptions should be sent to Chas. Barrett,
Esq., care of William G. Clark, No. 64 Joy's
Building, Boston, Mass.

Editor—Amos Smith, Jr., Registry of Deeds,
Boston, Mass. to whom all communications
and articles intended for insertion in the pa-
per, should be addressed.

The following is a list of the officers of the
Association:—

President—Thos. Brown, W. Henniker, N. H.
Vice President—Geo. M. Lucas, Bradford, Vt.
Secretary—Wm. Martin Chamberlain, South
Reading, Mass.
Treasurer—Chas. Barrett, E. Brighton, Mass.

State Managers.

For Maine—Chas. A. Brown, Belfast, Me.
" N. H.—Wm. B. Swett, Henniker, N. H.
" Vt.—Galen H. Atkins, Bradford, Vt.
" Mass.—George Homer, Boston, Ms.

Executive Committee.

George Homer, } Boston.
Samuel Rowe, }
Wm. K. Chase, }

W. H. Hutchinson, Printer,
No. 102 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

SACRED LOVE.

Who ever saw the earliest rose
First open, her sweet breast?
Or, when the summer sun goes down,
The first soft star in the evening's crown,
Light up her gleaming crest!

Fondly we seek the dawning bloom
On features wan and fair—
The gazing eye no change can trace
But look away a little space,
Then turn, and lo! 'tis there.

But there's a sweeter flower than e'er
Blushed on the rosy spray—
A brighter star a richer bloom,
Than e'er did western heaven illumine
At close of summer day.

'Tis love, the last best gift of heaven,
Love, gentle, holy, pure,
But tender than a dove's soft eye.
The searching sun, the open sky,
She never could endure.

Even human love will shrink from sight
Here in the coarse, rude earth;
How, then, should rash intruding glance
Break in upon her heavenly trance
Who boasts a heavenly birth?

PRETTY LIES.

BY JOE THE JERSEY MUTE.

My girls, I know whereof I affirm when I
say that the trade of lying was never
carried on to so great an extent as in that most
interesting period of life when you are in
love. How you come to be in love does not
much matter, but I cannot help remarking
that in the commencement of your court-
ship you seem to have contracted habits of
lying. I do not be startled, my girls, but see
what I have to say. Your mother—yes,
your mother asked you if you loved this and
that man. You denied it—a downright
falsehood of yours, and yet, as I hope, one
of the least of your foibles. Think you that
to confess to a passion for a nice young man
is to deprive you of your position in soci-
ety? No, my girls, such a thing is not pos-
sible. Answer truly to any charge made
against you in regard to your affection, and
there will be no trouble on either side. If
anything in the process makes it look bad
your mother will save you from what is
seen in prospect; whereas, if you gainsay
the facts of the case, you will involve your-
self in a labyrinth of bewilderment.

From what is seen of your conduct to the
man you love in secret, your mother feels
herself called upon to question you as to
your honorable intentions, when behold!
you go into hysterics. How you blush! as
if you had committed a serious offence. Why
the blush? Why the denial? Just say yes
or no as the case may be, and my word for
it, you will feel as if nothing had ever hap-
pened.

You throw out some insinuations against
the man you love, to the end that others

may believe you are not in love. You say,
"I will never be married. My mother is
opposed to my changing the name which
she gave me at my birth," or something to
that effect. The truth is, you love whom I
do not know. Why, if you are in love, do
not blush to own it. I would not have you
proclaim your passion where the ear does
not wish to hear; far from it. I mean that
you need not mention your love until ques-
tioned. In cases where it may not be prop-
er to make known your preference when in-
terrogated, absolute silence is the only course
I would advise you to pursue. No lies, my
girls, no denials. Show yourselves above
the vulgar both in word and deed. The
world wants such noble-minded girls.—House-
hold Journal.

SHARP MERCANTILE PRACTICE.—It is
said that a certain New York merchant found
himself in possession of a quantity of linen
wrappers, of very good quality, but so short
that no human being, not even an esqui-
meaux, could wear them with comfort.—
How to dispose of them to advantage was a
question hard of solution; but his wits were
equal to the emergency, and he hit upon the
following plan:

He sent a stranger to a certain retail
store with instructions to inquire for short
linen wrappers. The merchant could not
supply him, and the stranger inquired where
he could find the article. Next day another
stranger was despatched on a similar mis-
sion, and the next day another, and so on,
until the retail merchant became convinced
that there was an extraordinary demand for
short linen wrappers, and began to look
about to find a supply. He did not succeed
until he came to the establishment of the
merchant first mentioned, where he bought
the entire lot. It is hardly necessary to add
that there has been no demand for the ar-
ticle since.—N. Y. Post.

A REPRESENTATIVE.—A young urchin,
employed to clean a chimney of a house in
Macclesfield, after having ascended to the
"summit of his profession," took a survey.
This completed, he prepared to descend, but
mistaking the flue, he found himself on his
landing in the private study of a limb of the
law, whose meditations on some obtruse
point were put to flight. The sensation of
both parties it is impossible to describe—
the boy, terrified lest he should be punished,
stood riveted to the spot, and the lawyer,
struck dumb, started from his seat, the pic-
ture of horror, but spoke not. Sooty, how-
ever soon found a tongue, and, in accents
which only increased the terrors of the man
of law, cried out—

"My father's coming directly."
This was enough. The presence of such
an equivocal being, so introduced, unnerved
his heart; with one bound the affrighted
lawyer flew down stairs, and in his kitchen
sought refuge from the enemy.

EIGHTEEN THINGS

In which young people render themselves
impolite:

1. Loud laughter.
2. Reading when others are talking.
3. Cutting finger nails in company.
4. Leaving meeting before it is closed.
5. Whispering in meeting.
6. Gazing at strangers.
7. Leaving a stranger without a seat.
8. A want of reverence for seniors.
9. Reading aloud in company without be-
ing asked.
10. Receiving a present without some
manifestations of gratitude.
11. Making yourself the topic of conver-
sation.
12. Laughing at mistakes of others.
13. Joking others in company.
14. Correcting older persons than yourself,
especially parents.
15. Commencing talking before others are
through.
16. Answering questions when put to
others.
17. Commencing to eat as soon as you
get to the table. And—
18. In not listening to what one is saying
in company—unless you desire to show open
contempt for the speaker. A well bred per-
son will not make an observation whilst an-
other of the company is addressing himself
to it.

"Mister, I say, don't you suppose you
don't know of nobody who don't want to
hire nobody to do nothing for somebody no
how—you don't do you?" "Yes, I guess
not."

HATTIE'S GARDEN.

All through the long and pleasant summer,
With beauty that did still increase,
That garden grew beneath my window
A silent hymn of love and peace;
Watered with tears when it was planted,
For ah! the gentle little hand,
That had so zealously designed it,
Was missing from the household band.

But O! the glory of that garden,
A glory only half revealed,
Save to the few who shared the secret,
Within its leaves and blossoms sealed.
And that it was an angel's garden,
Methinks the smallest bud there knew;
For never sweeter, lovelier flowers,
In any earthly garden grew.

And—was it chance?—I cannot think so,
In shape 'twas like an angel's wing,
As highest souls have ever feigned it
In painting and in sculpturing.
And flowers most delicate in fragrance,
Most exquisite in form and hue,
Her chosen favorites, filled that garden,
Types of her spirit, pure and true—

All as she willed it—but the Father,
Whose thought is not as our thought,
Had chosen her for his own garden,
And other hands her plan had wrought:
All as God willed it, and her garden
Blossomed with gifts than flowers more fair,
Tranquil and happy thoughts of Heaven,
And of our blessed angel there.

THE MYSTERY OF THE KITCHEN.

Why should not a lady be familiar
with the mystery of the kitchen? Would
the knowledge degrade her?

A conspicuous divine recently recom-
mended to the instructors of the young
ladies of a certain school the formation
of another department in their system
of education, the 'department of cuisine.'
Such a practical suggestion could hardly
have been expected to come from an
archbishop, a man without family ties,
and who can never be supposed to have
suffered from black coffee or badly
cooked steak. It is, however, none the
less worth the serious consideration of
young ladies in their educational institu-
tions besides that of St. Vincent. Much
of the happiness of our lives depends
on the quality of our bread and butter,
and no young woman, however high her
social position, is fit to become a wife
until she is capable of judging correctly
of the ingredients and quality of all
kinds of food, and, if necessary, pre-
paring them herself. A great deal of
matrimonial happiness has been ship-
wrecked at the breakfast and dinner ta-
ble; and, if there were no danger of
this kind, it ought to be considered dis-
graceful for a girl who thinks herself
old enough to marry, to be ignorant of
one of the chief domestic duties.

Do any of our fashionably educated
young ladies ever reflect on the humiliat-
ing position they assume towards the
man they marry, when unable to fulfill
towards him the pleasant duty of a wife?
Is it not simply accepting his protection
and support without the equivalent for
making him a home, a home which does
not consist alone or a part of the whole
of a brown stone house, elegantly fur-
nished, but one in which, no matter how
plain and simple, he can feel that his
individual desires and tastes are respect-
ed—where, instead of the cook in the
kitchen, the ruling spirit will be

'A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, or command,'
and, if necessary, make her own pud-
dings and bake her own corn bread.

He died, and is only two; he is two yet;
he will never be more than two. The
little rosy face of that morning, and the
little half articulate voice, would have
been faintly remembered by the mother,
had they gradually died away into boy-
hood; but that stereotyped them; and
they remain unchanged.

It is said that the ladies of Troy, have
invented a new feature in their fairs. A
parcel of handsome girls set themselves up
and allow the "fellows" to kiss them for
twelve and a half cents per kiss. One girl
made \$62 in one night. One man took \$11
worth.

FURS.—Fine furs should be kept in a cold
place. An experienced dealer will tell,
the moment he puts his hand on a piece of fur,
if it has been lying in a warm, dry atmo-
sphere; it renders the fur harsh, dry and
shabby, entirely destroying the rich softness
which it will have if kept in a cold room.

GEORGE WILSON.

A few years since, as Mr. Gallaudet
was walking in the streets of Hartford,
there came running up to him a poor
boy, of very ordinary appearance, but
whose fine intelligent eye fixed the at-
tention of the gentleman as the boy in-
quired—

"Sir, can you tell me of a man who
would like a boy to work for him and
learn him to read?"

"Whose boy are you, and where do
you live?"

"I have no parents," was the reply,
and have just run away from the work-
house because they would not teach me
to read."

The gentleman made arrangements
with the authorities of the town, and
took the boy into his own family. There
he learned to read. Nor was this all.
He soon acquired the confidence of his
new associates by his faithfulness and
honesty.

He was allowed to use his friend's
library, and made rapid progress in the
acquisition of knowledge. It became
necessary after a while that George
should leave Mr. Gallaudet, and he be-
came apprentice to a cabinet-maker in
his neighborhood. There the same in-
tegrity won for him the favor of his new
associates.

To gratify his inclination for study,

his master had a room furnished for him
in the upper part of the shop, where he
devoted his leisure time to his favorite
pursuits. Here he made large attain-
ments in mathematics, in the French
language, and other branches. After
being in this situation a few years, sit-
ting at tea with the family one evening,
he all at once remarked that he wanted
to go to France.

"Go to France!" said his master, sur-
prised that the apparently contented and
happy youth should thus suddenly be-
come dissatisfied with his situation—
"for what?"

"Ask Mr. Gallaudet to tea to-morrow
evening," continued George, "and I will
explain."

His kind friend was invited accord-
ingly. At tea time the apprentice pre-
sented himself with his manuscript, in
English and French, and explained his
singular intention to go to France.

"In the time of Napoleon," said he, "a
prize was offered by the French govern-
ment for the simplest rule of measuring
plain surfaces, of whatever outline. The
prize has never been awarded, and that
method I have discovered."

He then demonstrated his problem, to
the surprise and gratification of his
friends, who immediately furnished him
with the means of defraying his expenses
and with letters of introduction to Hon.
Lewis Cass, then our Minister at the
court of France.

He was introduced to Louis Philippe,
and in the presence of the king, nobles,
and plenipotentiaries, this American
youth demonstrated his problem, and re-
ceived the prize, which he had clearly
won, besides several presents from the
king.

He then took letters of introduction,
and proceeded to the court of St. James,
and took up a similar prize, offered by
the Royal Society, and returned to the
United States.

Here he was preparing to secure the
benefits of his discovery by patent, when
he received a letter from the Emperor
Nicholas himself, one of whose ministers
witnessed his demonstrations at Lon-

don, inviting him to make his residence
at the Russian Court, and furnishing
him with ample means for his outfit.

He complied with the invitation, re-
paired to St. Petersburg, and is now
Professor of Mathematics in the Royal
College, under the special protection of
the autocrat of all the Russias!

[Journal of Commerce.]

True Loveliness.

She who thinks a noble heart
Better than a noble mien—
Honors virtue more than art,
Though 'tis less in fashion seen—
Whatsoever her husband be,
She's the bride—the wife—for me!

She who deems that inward grace
Far surpasses outward show,
She who values less the face
Than that which the soul can throw—
Whatsoever her fortune be,
She's the bride—the wife—for me.

She who knows the heart requires
Something more than lips of dew—
That when Love's brief rose expires,
Love itself dies with it too—
Whatsoever her fortune be,
She's the bride—the wife—for me.

From the Home Circle.

BLANCH THE BEAUTIFUL MUTE.

BY MARY HARRIS.

BLANCH RIVERS was very beautiful. She
had long, fair hair, and deep, earnest eyes. I
first met her in the spring-time, and memory
associates her with violets and lilies. The
pensive beauty of the sky at that season re-
sembles her brief, beautiful life; and now, as
I gaze upon it, a sweet, spiritual face seems
to look down upon me from the purer world.

Beauty, of whatever kind, is a source of
pleasure; but the glorious loveliness of the
stars, always impressed me as the purest, hol-
iest beauty that mortal sight is permitted
to behold.

I wonder if all children fancy, as I did,
that the stars are spirits, beckoning them to
the world above.

But I have nothing to do with the stars
now; only they lend a coloring to my story.
Imagine yourself gazing upon a pure bright
star, that is silently, calmly, perhaps sorrow-
fully looking down upon you; then you will
understand somewhat of my meaning when
I say Blanch was beautiful. She resembled
the stars in beauty. In Southern home
among the orange blossoms, I studied this
sweet poem of nature. It was a royal march,
a grand anthem, a dirge, all commingled.
Now a wail, like the voice from Calvary; then
the rallying shout of a brave spirit battling
for right; and, again, that sweet faith that
sings among the stars.

O, spirit of my friend, where art thou?
What a dark eclipse fell on this life when
thou wast taken! O beautiful temple, all
swept and garnished, fit abode for so
noble a tenant, where is it, too? Moulder-
ing into common dust; all passed away.
But in memory, like the morning star, ever
pointing to the dawn, shines that pure spirit.

It was in early spring-time that Blanch
became an inmate of our home; and the
deep green foliage of the magnolia, the or-
ange, and the bay already glittered in their
new sheen with here and there a pure white
flower glancing through the dark canopy.
The eloquent countenance of the mute told
how deeply her soul drank of the pure foun-
tain which flows from the throne of God. The
green leaves, the flowers, the sunbeams, all
seemed to contribute their share of bliss.
"To the pure all things are pure;" and to the
beautiful mind there is much beauty in this
world—O so much that we are unmin-
dful of?

Three years had hurried round since
Blanch first came to dwell among us, and
spring was ripening into summer, when I
noted a change in my friend. Always pre-
disposed to consumption, it was now evident
that the destroyer was at work. A physi-
cian was consulted who prescribed travelling
or a season at the Springs, with a view to
the mountain air; and, accompanied by an
uncle her only surviving relative, Blanch
left with regret the quiet home where all
had learned to love her. I remember well
how beautiful and ethereal she looked in
the glory of that June morning. Her pure
spirit was already pluming itself for flight.

A month had passed, when a letter was
received from her, which said:

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I arrived here the
day before yesterday. O how I wish you
were with me! I am so utterly lonely among
these gay people! But the place is very beau-
tiful. Grand and gloriously beautiful were
these mountains in the morning light when
I first beheld them. They were just shaking
from their shoulders the shadows of night,
as the regenerated spirit rises from its night
of error, and peace seemed sweetly brooding
over them all. I love the morning's fresh
young sunlight and its dewdrops; and, as I

watched from my window the shadows soft-
ly part and fade away, the sun burst forth
and kissed the mountain tops, and bright
little vales, that smiled like dimples in the
face of Nature. These dizzy mountain
heights, ever pointing upwards, seem signifi-
cant of noble deeds and high endeavors.

We must climb jagged heights to view the
Promised Land; but O, how refreshing,
when our weary feet have reached the sum-
mit, are the breezes, borne on the wing of
angels from the bowers of paradise! It is
the mount of transfiguration! O that we
could build a tabernacle and dwell there!

The Springs are thronged with visitors,
the most of whom are very gay—I might say
giddy. Why is it that there is so little sim-
ple earnest truth and genuine feeling? I
sometimes think that fashionable life is a
great masquerade, and that the genuine face
would be much more lovely. O, so ter-
rible to see the sweet flowers of the mind
crushed in the bud, and nature's sunshine
show out for artificial glare! I fear that too
many accomplishments but sap the strength
of the native mind, and that the true im-
petus of the heart lie dormant until their
sweet pleadings are heard.

I have said nothing of my health; and I
fear that you, who feel much greater anxiety
about it than I do, have allowed your kind
heart to be troubled with unnecessary sym-
pathy. Do not pity me: I am not unhappy
now. There are times, indeed, when I am
very very happy; when my soul seems baptiz-
ed with love, and I feel anxious to lay down
these earthly garments, and wing my flight
homewards. Farewell, my dearest friend.
BLANCH.

It was as I had feared. Blanch was
slowly but surely dying. I wrote, begging
her to return to me immediately, and waited
anxiously for an answer. At last it came:
she was coming—was on the way. In con-
clusion, she wrote:

"I am weak and weary." Not weary of
life, or this beautiful world, for I love them;
and think that heaven can hardly be more
beautiful; but I weary unto death. I must
rest a season, and shall wake up to newness
of life, and never grow weary again. I will
lie down with the flowers, and wait for the
spring. I only want to see you again, my
friend. Then I can go, O so willingly!

"These bright mornings are beautiful.
Their very brilliancy almost bewilders me.
I thought this morning particularly so. It
seemed typical of the dawning of heaven,
when the shadows of this mortal life pass
away, and the pale starlight melts into per-
fect day. Now we see by the dim light of
types and symbols; then, the veil will be
rent and the full-orbed glory of God will
dazzle the enraptured vision. Ah, the angels
veil their faces from such light!"

Saints behold his open face,
Bright, insufferably bright!
Angels tremble as they gaze—
Sink into a sea of light!"

I was sitting one evening in our pleasant
verandah, watching the humming-birds
among the honeysuckles, until the buzz of
their tiny wings, together with the murmur
of the fountain, had lulled me into that
dreamy, half-conscious state, so common in
a Southern climate; when I was suddenly
aroused, and saw that a traveling coach had
drawn up in front of our home. I knew it
was my friend, and ran to meet her. The
door was thrown open and Blanch was in
my arms. The fair hair still fell in long
ringlets and the blue eyes beamed with even
more brilliancy but the slender form had worn
thinner and more transparent. As I gazed
into the sweet face, so fraught with meaning,
I knew it would not be long till the voice
that had never been heard on earth would
learn to sing with angels. A tear trembled on
the long lashes as one little hand was nest-
led in mine in the old comforting way, and
the other mutely raised to the verandah.
She had loved to sit there in bygone days
and watch the fountain play and the spring
flowers blossom. And there in the calm
twilight we sat, till the stars came out, and
looked down lovingly, as of old.

Three times had the spring flowers risen
from their wintry slumbers, and decked these
bowers; three times had the harvest moon
smiled over our home since Blanch became
an inmate. And now it was harvest again.
The reapers in the distance merrily sang,
"Harvest home;" the yellow grain and full
ripe fruit seemed to echo, "Harvest home."
But another reaper was binding his sheaves,
it was harvest in heaven; the angels were
singing "Harvest Home," and Blanch had
flown, and I clasped a beautiful lifeless
form.

Miss Spriggs says it's with old bachelors
as with old wood. It is hard to get them
started, but when they do take flame they
burn prodigiously.

Miss Ellen Smith has recovered \$4000
of Francis Clementson, of Ohio, for breach
of promise of marriage, after twenty years'
courtship. Two hundred dollars a year for
waiting—not extravagant.

THE GALLAUDET GUIDE —AND— DEAF MUTES' COMPANION.

BOSTON, MASS., APRIL, 1861.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LENA had better get some friend to write out the obituary notice. Let it be in as few words as possible, and we will give it an insertion.

Mr. Flourney's communications in the March number were replete with typographical errors, which the intelligence of the reader can amend for the author. One that wants special amendment is this: in the third column, seventh line, for "blessings of the same constitution," read construction. Another, in the fourth column, forty-fourth line, "Webster owed not his greatness to the diminitude of Harvard," read Dartmouth.

We sent the proofs to Mr. Flourney for revision, but the corrections did not reach us until after the paper had gone to press without any reading by ourself or printer.

Dr. S. G. Howe accompanied the Legislative Committee on their late visit to Hartford. It is certain that the present Legislature cannot be brought to take action upon anything which involves the outlay of money.

The time is near at hand, however, when action may be had, and in such shape as will avoid any opposition from Hartford. This will be better.

N. B.—The Committee on Charitable Institutions to whom the petitions were referred have reported leave to withdraw.

A RARE VISITOR.—Captain Atwood, of the Barnstable Packet, upon his regular trip to Boston last Friday, came very near running out to sea when he supposed was a partially sunken wreck, but which upon nearer inspection proved to be a dead whale, of the species called the hump-backed or right whale.

Captain A. with considerable difficulty, took his fish-ship in tow, and brought him to the city. The monster can be seen by the curious, to-day, at the foot of Commercial, or Granite wharf.

A service for deaf mutes was held at St. Paul's Church, Albany, (Rev. Wm. Rudder, D. D., Rector,) on Sunday afternoon, March 1st. The Rev. Mr. Gallaudet officiated. Another service at the same church will be held on Sunday, April 21st, at 4 o'clock, P. M.

hope that I have made no mistake in its solution. It is as follows:—times—city—hers—boon—stair—lid—the—turn—him and I.

The whole is, "Baltimore is the third city in the Union." Yours truly,
GEO. W. CAMPBELL, Mute Photographer.
Bowdoin Centre, Me., March 4, 1861.

James Dennison, a native of Ireland, died at Francetown, N. H., on the 29th ult.—He was for many years a personal and intimate friend of Judge Levi Woodbury. He was the father of ten children, who are all living, but had never all met at the same time under the paternal roof, until they came home to pay their last tribute to their deceased parent.—Exchange.

Three of the children above alluded to are deaf mutes.

A newspaper published at Niagara Falls, called *The Mute and the Blind*, has the following paragraph:—"How this paper is published:—The editor is a blind man, the compositors are deaf and dumb, the press-work is performed by the blind, the papers are folded by the blind and wrapped by mutes."

We are pleased to chronicle the appointment by his Excellency, Gov. Andrew, of Andrew Cazeau, Esq., as a Justice of the Peace for the County of Suffolk. Mr. Cazeau has been one of the head clerks in the Registry of Deeds for a period of 22 years.

SOMETHING NEW.—According to the *Old Farmer's Almanac* for 1861, Dog Days begin Sept. 5th.

YE FUNNIE FELLOW.—In ye olden tyme, a jollie inn-keeper did put hys syne-board ye up syde downe. One daye a certayne funnie fellowe did stand on hys heade in ye front of ye inne. Sayeth a fatte man that was a bystander, "Pr'ythee, my friend, why standest thou upon thy head?" "I am turning myselfe ye up syde downe, so that I can readde ye syne," quoth ye funnie fellowe.

RESIGNATION.—Mr. Oscar Kinsman, of Hartford, Conn., has resigned his office as State Manager of the Gallaudet Association.

OUR ADVERTISING COLUMN.—We would call the special attention of our readers to our advertising column.

Blake & Davenport are so well known as to need no recommendation from us. They have on hand and keep constantly for sale the best and most extensive assortment of furniture and upholstery goods to be found in the city.

Geo. W. Chipman & Co.'s extensive Carpet rooms should be visited by all in want of Carpetings.

Vivian & Sons is one of the best tailoring establishments in the city.

At Benj. E. Deland's wine store all may depend upon a pure article. Give him a call.

The boats on the Norwich line to New York have been put in splendid order and in connection with the Boston, Worcester & Norwich Railroad cars (which by the way every one allows are the most comfortable riding cars in the country) make a line between the two cities which is second to none other. E. B. Phillips, Esq., is the gentlemanly Sup't of the road, and F. H. Jones, Esq., the Agent.

Charles Barrett, Esq., has entirely recovered from the effects of his recent accident.

Our notices of the Illinois, Indiana and Michigan institutions are again unavoidably crowded out. They will appear in our next.

Much valuable matter already in type, on account of the press on our columns, lays over to the next issue.

B. D. M. C. U. LECTURES.—The sixth lecture before the Association was delivered by Geo. Homer, Esq., Wednesday evening March 13. Subject, "Garibaldi." Mr. Homer enchaind his auditory for an hour and a half with a rapid, glowing, and eloquent sketch of the life and character of his illustrious subject. We regret we were not present to give our readers a report of what was generally conceded to be one of the best of the course. Wm. K. Chase, Esq., delivers the next lecture.

PRESIDENT BROWN'S LECTURE BEFORE THE BOSTON DEAF MUTE CHRISTIAN UNION.—On Wednesday evening, March 7th, more than forty deaf mutes assembled in the room of the Union, to attend a lecture from Thomas Brown, Esq., of West Henniker, N. H.

The lecturer expressed his happiness at seeing so many of his friends present, descended on the goodness of God in leading the way for the education of deaf mutes, thereby enabling them to gather together for mental improvement; referred to the shortness of time as compared with the never ending duration of eternity, and urged the importance of so improving time as to make eternity happy. He left school thirty-nine years ago, and although great and wonderful changes had taken place since then, yet, when he looked back upon the past, it seemed a very short time indeed.

but the same sun shone on the earth to-day which greeted the eyes of Adam in the garden of Eden. Without the sun, no life could exist on the earth, and by comparison, without woman, the earth would be a desert. It was to woman that we owed much of the pleasure of existence. For any farther idea of the subject he would refer them to Mr. Smith's lecture on "Home and Home Influences," which he considered a very good thing, and was the better able to appreciate it from having been present at its delivery. He would give them some items from his past experience, on the different effects of different habits of life upon the individual happiness of those concerned. The short notice which he had had, and his wife's severe illness, which made a large demand upon his time, must be his excuse for any imperfections which might appear.

He laid it down as a fundamental principle that "lazy girls make rich men poor, and industrious girls make poor men rich." He was particularly severe on "lazy girls," and related a number of anecdotes to prove his point.

A man with an intelligent and prudent wife should always confide his affairs to her and would no doubt profit by her advice. A man with an indolent or extravagant wife never felt like going to her for advice, and she never cared what his business intentions or prospects were, as long as she had "pin money" enough.

He dwelt at length upon the difference between temperance and intemperance, economy and extravagance and the like, always illustrating it by appropriate anecdotes, both instructive and amusing.

Young people were very apt to despise the advice of older persons, and were generally punished therefor, by experience, and their own turn growing old, had their own advice despised.

Such was human nature. An undertaking projected for the public good seldom failed if properly conducted. In this connection he took occasion to speak of the *Gallaudet Association* and the *Gallaudet Guide*. He desired that both the Association and its organ should prosper, and to that end he recommended that prudent and judicious management should be connected with both.

In these days of secession it is impossible for any person to say much without referring to the matter in some way. He would take occasion to declare himself a Union man. He saw no need or danger of disruption with the country in judicious hands, and he believed that with skillful counsellors under a wise Providence the Union would be preserved.

Mr. Brown was repeatedly cheered during his delivery, and we were glad to see so full an attendance. We do not know when we have seen a larger number present on a similar occasion at the Union Room.

It was announced that after the present lecture the rest of the course would be delivered once in two weeks, viz: on the first and third Wednesdays of each month.

On Tuesday evening, Dec. 11th, there was an examination of the pupils of the Deaf and Dumb and Blind Institute of San Francisco, in Platt's Hall, at which an address by the Rev. T. Starr King, formerly of this city, was delivered. The hall was densely crowded to witness the Pantomime by the deaf and dumb.

CHARACTERS.

GRANDMOTHER, Miss Emma Downey.
FARMER'S WIFE, Miss Kate Medd.
FARMER'S CHILD, Miss Carrie Douglass.
SQUAW, Miss Bridget Dornan.
FARMER, Henry Giddings.
INDIAN, Sam'l T. Clamptor.
INDIAN CHILD, Theophilus DeRitte.

PART FIRST.—Scene First.—Grandmother knitting; child playing on the floor. Enter farmer's wife.

FARMER'S WIFE.—I fear, mother, that husband will not return in time to go for the cows. I shall have to go.

GRANDMOTHER.—Wait awhile; when he went to the mill this morning he thought he should return before sunset.

FARMER'S WIFE.—It is now nearly sunset, and he has not come. I will go for them. You mind the child; do not let her go outside the door.

[Puts on her bonnet, and goes in quest of the cows; becomes lost, and finally, from fatigue and fright, sinks to the ground weeping. An Indian hunter approaches.]

Scene Second.
Indian.—Why, pale-face, do you weep?
Farmer's Wife.—I am lost, lost. I can not find my house. I came in search of my cows, and I can find neither them or my home.

Indian.—The sun is down, and it is nearly dark. Come with me to my home.

Scene Third.
[She reluctantly follows, and by a great deal of persuasion is finally induced to enter the Indian's wigwam. Supper is prepared, and though much alarmed at the novelty of her situation, she could not refuse to eat. After eating, the wigwam is divided by skins.]

Indian.—This (pointing to one division) is for you to sleep in.

FARMER'S WIFE.—I will sit in the chair by the fire and sleep.

Indian and squaw puzzled. After a short consultation the squaw takes the farmer's wife to the bed, and leaves her to her couch, and becomes her bed-fellow.]

Scene Fourth.—Early morning.

FARMER'S WIFE.—I must go now.

Indian.—No! no! Eat first.

Scene Fifth.

[After breakfast the Indian accompanies her home.]

Three days elapse.
PART SECOND.—[The Indian returns—endeavors to induce the farmer to follow him—time too precious—has to work hard—Indian repeats his entreaties in vain—a thought strikes him, an expedient none but an Indian would think of. He seizes the child and darts from the house—father, mother and grandmother following—but instead of enticing them to his wigwam, as they expected, the Indian halts on the margin of a most beautiful prairie. In a moment the child is restored to the parents, who wonder at the strange proceeding, whilst the Indian was overjoyed at his manœuvre.]

FINALE.

Indian.—You think Indian treacherous; you think him wish steal child. Indian know you long ago; saw you when you not see him; you hard working man—you not bad; you work hard for your child, but you never make rich there. Indian see your cattle, think you come and catch them; you not come, your wife come. Indian find her faint and weary, take her home, wife fear to go in, think Indian kill her; no, no. Indian lead her back, meet you very sad, then very glad to see her. You kind to Indian—give him meat and drink, better clothes than your own. Indian grateful; wish you come here—no come, Indian sorry; take the child; know you follow child. Good ground here; not many trees; make road in less than half a moon; Indian help you. Indian your friend; come live here.

MEETING OF THE BOSTON DEAF MUTE CHRISTIAN UNION.

The annual meeting of the Boston Deaf Mute Christian Union was held in the rooms of the Society in Tremont Temple, Wednesday evening, Feb. 6, George Homer, Esq., Acting President, in the chair.

After hearing the reports of the Secretary and Treasurer, the Association proceeded to ballot for officers for the ensuing year. There was a close contest, no choice being effected in some cases before the 2d, 3d, 4th and even the 5th ballots. The election attracted a large attendance of spectators. At length the following ticket was declared elected.

President, GEORGE HOMER. Vice President, HENRY A. OSGOOD. Treasurer, GEO. A. HOLMES. Members at Large, AMOS SMITH JR., PHILLO W. PACKARD, GEO. E. KENISTON. Secretary, Wm. K. CHASE. Standing Committee, JONATHAN P. MARSH, GEORGE E. KENISTON, P. W. PACKARD; after which the meeting adjourned for one week.

At the second meeting, Mr. Chase proposed several amendments to the Constitution of the Union, which he ably and eloquently supported in a lengthy argument. He was replied to by Messrs. Rowe, Packard, Lynde and Marsh, all of whom spoke with fine ability.

The amendments, with one exception, were agreed to, receiving the necessary two-thirds vote.

A third and fourth meeting was held by adjournment, at which some unimportant business was disposed of. The final meeting held March, 8th, adjourned sine die, after electing Samuel Rowe Teacher of the Bible Class by a decisive and highly complimentary vote.

We are pleased to record the fact that the Union is in the full tide of success, and is the means of doing much good.

(For the Guide.)

THE TATTLER.

LETTER XIII.

MR. EDITOR.—The redoubtable hobby of Mr. Flourney canters through six mortal columns of the *Guide*, (the March number) Its symmetry and elasticity of feet show that it is not a counterpart of the renowned Rosinante, but it is evidently of the pedigree of Bucephalus. Though battered almost to a jelly by Mr. Booth's vigorous arguments, well seasoned with common sense, pierced through the body by Mr. Burnet's pungent sarcasms, and handled quite roughly by others, the hobby now appears fresher than ever. See how grandly—how airily it prances! With what a grace does Mr. Flourney caracol it, to display the symmetrical curves of its neck and tail!

Invulnerable as Achilles, it cannot be killed downright, unless we hit its right hind leg, which, like that Iliadic hero's heel, is not proof against death. So I shall direct my battery to that vulnerable point—hoping that my eye will be accurate and the hit sure and fatal.

Satisfied, Mr. Editor, with the clear perception of our mute friends of the impracticability of their present position, were I not directly called upon to answer categorically his questions, as he "wants light to disabuse him of error." Well, I shall comply with his request, though I very much doubt if he will be convinced of his error.

With reference to Citizenship, as long as the Federal Constitution stands unamended, the clause, which I quoted in the January number, explicitly implies that citizenship is an individual right, with which every freeman, native-born or naturalized, is invested, to enjoy immunities, and to exercise their national, civil and political privileges. In the eyes of this law, aliens (non-naturalized men) are not citizens, and therefore are not allowed to exercise the elective franchise, enjoyed by all citizens. The acts of disregard to this law, which Mr. F. asserts to have been actual, constitute miserable anomalies; and he seems anxious to construe those anomalies in a precedent, by which the mute Gallaudetians could be authorized to keep the reins of their government to themselves in perpetuum. A pretty precedent, forsooth.

Mr. Flourney denies that citizenship is power. On analysis I find citizenship is a sort of power, by which the citizens can elevate their selected fellow-citizens to the high honors of the land—it matters not whether their candidates are humble cobblers or eminent lawyers. This power is called Popular Sovereignty. The powers of legislation are devolved upon their elected representatives; they are generally regarded as prerogatives.

Mr. F. says—"Constitutions are designed to protect minorities." This is a common cant among disappointed politicians. In truth, they protect minorities in certain circumstances, and also protect majorities in others. The Federal Constitution holds as valid every freeman's privileges of Citizenship in any State or Territory wherein he may choose to live. It favors neither minorities nor majorities, but orders minorities to do in strict accordance with its ordinances, and majorities to do likewise. Thus, Mr. Flourney's mute colonists can in no way prevent their hearing fellow-citizens from partaking of their prerogatives.

Mr. F. presumes—"Citizens that hear, of course, can live in Gallaudetia,—can trade, and vote, and have immunities from persecution; but they cannot, of course, rule deaf men who fled from this incomprehensible rule in other regions! Neither can such hold proprietorship in the soil. We have an analogy in this by the circumstances of the paupers of our own country, and of the non-naturalized foreigners." Here he has committed two inconsistencies. The first is that he said, in a former letter in the

"Annals," that the mute residents should drive all their own hearing children out of the colony. Now he says hearing persons—their own offspring, of course—can live, trade and vote therein! Consistency is a jewel, Mr. Flourney. And the second is that, by analogy, he makes non-naturalized foreigners equal to the hearing voters of Gallaudetia, whereas, the former are not allowed by law to vote here. I don't understand why he should pass this dissimilitude for an analogy.

In speaking of capital, Mr. F. points to the colonies of Plymouth, Georgia and Liberia in Africa, which, he exultingly exclaims, "evinced none of the opulence of means or powers!" I fear he has jumped before looking. History furnishes us sober facts concerning those colonies. The Plymouth pilgrims, who fled from oppression in their native land, had their Winthrops, Bradfords, Miles Standishes and others, who were men of wealth, intelligence, prowess and skill in warfare. But for the fresh reinforcements of men and necessities of life from abroad, they all would have perished in an inhospitable land. The same was not less true of the Georgian colony. And Liberia owes its being to the practical benevolence of the African Colonization Society.

I wonder if Mr. F. can ever expect to induce even one wealthy mute to abandon his comforts and social ties at home, and emigrate with poor devils to a wild region full of redskins, snakes and panthers. He himself went go there, I understand. As to our garrulity, Mr. F. rightly observes that hearing persons talk a great deal and forever; but he overlooks the fact that, while their tongues wag all day long, they employ their hands and eyes in their work; and on the contrary, the mutes are obliged to use their hands and eyes in gratifying their garrulity, to the utter detriment of their work.

Mr. Flourney writes:—"As to the tumult to arise in consequences of the slave and anti-slavery policies, has Mr. Palette forgotten, too, my remarks in the *Annals* that we are not to be a slave State?" What will our mute slaveholders, in particular my excellent friends, the Chamberlaynes of Virginia, say to this? Mr. F. decides that Gallaudetia shall not be a slave State. As the elder brother Chamberlayne belongs to a company of dragoons at Richmond (Va.), and, even in spite of his want of hearing, his evolutions are as precise as those of his fellow-dragoons, it would be a great pity to miss such a soldier like him, as might be the Miles Standish of Gallaudetia. For myself, I would like to own and make a small Sambo brush my coat, blacken my boots, run on errands and air the cushions of the

too, would I have a careful Dismal or new, for taking care of the little Palettes. Here I pray Mr. F. to consider this matter, and should he decide it otherwise, to devise some way, in which the Kilkenny cats may live in fraternal harmony, and refrain from eating each other up to their tail-end.

That the Constitution can ever be amended solely to favor Mr. Flourney's scheme for the benefit of a few scores of mute squatters, willing to undergo the miseries of a forest life, of which Mr. Booth has given us a picture, certainly none of the most flattering—is so preposterous—so ridiculous that it seems most advisable for him to throw his project to the winds. The sooner the better. But as a mere bounty, like those which were granted to the American Asylum, soldiers, etc., I have no objection to Congress granting land to any mute community, without the exclusive right to govern.

Apropos of the bounty lands granted to our soldiers, many of them have fallen in the possession of knavish land-speculators by dishonest transactions. I trust our poor mutes will escape the teeth of those land sharks. And as regards the land accorded to the Asylum, I call Mr. Flourney's notice to the fact, that Dr. Gallaudet was not its President, nor was Mr. Clerc its Vice President; but that the proceeds of the sales and rents of the parcels thereof accrue to the coffers of the Asylum. That is all.

A word about the animals in Noah's ark. The Record says, in a language of wonderful simplicity and perspicuity:—"Of clean beasts, and of beasts that are not clean, and of fowls, and of everything that creepeth upon the earth. There went in two and two unto Noah into the ark, the male and the female, as God has commanded Noah." This fact—inasmuch as the most unmanageable animals of prey did not in the least harm him, his family, or any clean beasts—produces a logical corollary that the habits of the Carnivora, both in disposition and in appetite, were miraculously changed.

Respecting the subject of death, I shall here quote my own interrogatory answer to Mr. A. in the *South Reading Gazette*:—"Adam and Eve were cautioned not to eat any fruit of the forbidden tree lest they might die. How could they know what was meant by death? If Mr. A. says, by having seen other creatures die even by violence, is it possible for him to be blind to the fact that death was, philosophically and logically, an evil, of which they as yet knew nothing?"

Physiology tells us that there is not the least difference in death between man and animals, therefore it was an evil, of which

the fatal fruit contained the knowledge. Upon this metaphysical basis my belief rests that no creatures ever died until after Adam's fall—Mr. Flourney's assertion to the contrary notwithstanding.

RAPHAEL PALETTE.
March, 1861.

MR. EDITOR.—Dear Sir: Your President, Mr. Thomas Brown, has politely invited me (by letter,) to write an article for the *Gallaudet Guide*; but my natural and acquired abilities are so limited, that I feel inadequate to contribute anything that may add to the interest of your laudable enterprise. Still if I can contribute even a moiety to the interest of your noble cause, I should be happy to do so.

Without further apology, I comply, with diffidence, and in my illiterate style, attempt a eulogistical sketch of your worthy President.

His grandfather, Mr. Thomas Brown, emigrated from Stow, Mass., to Henniker, N. H., in the early settlement of it, (a blacksmith by trade.) By his first wife, who was a Miss Gibson, he had nine children,—eight daughters and one son, Nahum, his fourth child, who was a deaf mute. All of his children were endowed with intellect above mediocrity. Several of the daughters became school teachers. The father purchased a farm and his son was trained to the occupation of farming, and became almost a model farmer, and a first rate teamster of oxen and horses. Go they must, or stop at the first bidding. At the age of about twenty-seven years he married Miss Abiah Eastman, a hearing lady, and a near neighbor, who proved to be an excellent housekeeper, and by whom he had two children, viz., Thomas and Persis, both deaf mutes. Thomas was a shrewd boy, wild but not vicious. Persis was bright, modest, genteel and amiable. Thomas was trained by his father to the occupation of agriculture. Persis became a dress-maker, and nobody appeared better in company than she. During their minority, the American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb was established at Hartford, Ct., and my heart leaped for joy at the prospect of their acquiring an education. We took a deep interest in the welfare of these two unfortunates. Thomas succeeded

in obtaining an education, to my deep regret.

Thomas made laudable progress in his studies, and graduated honorably. Meantime he formed an acquaintance with Miss Smith, a deaf mute from Chilmark, Martha's Vineyard, Mass. After graduating Thomas determined to become a staff on which his honored parents might lean for support in old age, and in process of time was wedded to the amiable Miss Smith, and eventually a little hearing son added essentially to their felicity.

But alas! their fond anticipations were soon blighted. Death came and nipped the little blossom in the bud, inflicting a wound on the fond parents almost insupportable, both kneeling and giving their dear babe a parting kiss as it drew its last breath. But God in mercy gave them another son, whom they named Thomas Lewis, a deaf mute, but a blessing indeed to his honored parents, to the church, and to the host of deaf mutes of our country. Of his talents as a scholar, an orator, a teacher and preacher, I need not speak. His history your Association all know, probably better than I. His honored parents stand high in the estimation of the community in which they live; the father—a judicious respectable man; the mother—a lady of superior education and amiable qualities, beloved by all her acquaintances, and needs only to be known to be loved. Those who know her best, love her most. The past year she has suffered intensely from general debility of her physical system—emaciated almost to a skeleton, now unable to stand or walk, to the poignant grief of her fond husband and large circle of sympathetic friends. Mr. Brown is a kind affectionate husband, and she has all the sympathetic attention that he has power to bestow. He has a productive farm, and a good stock of cattle, and has hay, fruit, poultry, &c., to sell annually. Many of our villages depend on him annually for a fat turkey, for their thanksgiving repast.

I have ever felt an ardent desire for the welfare of the unfortunate deaf and dumb, that I cannot find language to

express—have visited the American Asylum once and again, and to me it was a feast of fat things to witness the wonderful attainments in science and mechanism of a host of gentlemen and ladies—deaf mutes—and to an apparently happier group, I was never an eye witness.

Were I possessed of a fortune, the unfortunate deaf and dumb should share liberally in my beneficence. But as I am not affluent, they will please accept the will for the deed.

Saith the poet, "If at eighty we arrive, we rather sigh and groan, than live."

I am now in the eightieth year of my age, and methinks I rather live than sigh and groan. Perhaps few men of my age have enjoyed more uniform firm health than I—thanks to my heavenly Parent. My motto is, "Be temperate in all things." I have ever abstained from the use of the pipe, the cigar or the quid, and from everything that can intoxicate. Farming has been my chief occupation, and perhaps no man of my years has labored more hours than I, but I never performed two days' labor in one. I have no sympathy for a tippler, a loafer, or a drone, and with the Pharisee of old, thank God that I am not as some other men in this respect. I am aware that diligence in business is conducive to health of body and tranquility of mind.

Dear Brother, pardon me for introducing the great I, and believe me,

Yours truly,
SOLOMON CHILDS.
Henniker, N. H., Feb. 8th, 1861.

MR. EDITOR:—I send you a copy of a letter written by a young deaf mute lady named Minnie, to a friend of hers, Hoyt by name, a very intemperate young man, and if you think it worthy of notice, please insert it in the *Guide*.

S. M.
Iowa, March, 1861.

"DEAR H:—I have felt much concerned about your welfare. It has agonized my heart when I hear that you are still drinking the poisonous cup. If you are aware that ardent spirits will some day spoil your sense and health, why won't you decide at once never to drink again? When I think of you, I often shrink from fear that you will be an unknown and despised drunkard. Oh, Hoyt, never be like poor Judge Stevens, who has been so much intoxicated these thirty years, he can't of course reform his intemperate habits, for his thirst for ardent spirits is indescribably strong. You are yet young and you can easily overcome it if you will only try. I beseech you, Hoyt, to promise, for the sake of your mother and sister, who wait with painful anxiety for a reform in their only son and brother, never to taste drink again. You have very often promised to do so, but you have as often failed. Your resolutions are in vain if you do not rely upon Divine power to enable you to resist it. If you earnestly wish to break the habit, I beg that you will go and ask our kind and merciful Heavenly Father, who created earth and the Heavens, and who is ever ready to comply with the desires of those who call upon him, for his grace to help you to resist it. He will surely help you if you sincerely ask him for his aid. O, Hoyt, don't hesitate for a moment, but tell him all your troubles as a child does to its mother.—Whiskey is like an adder which biteth at last. Intemperance will lead you into poverty and disgrace, for it is the cause of too much of poverty, and suffering and disgrace. I have seen many men and their families dragged by intemperance from places of high respectability, luxury and reputation, into indescribable poverty and disgrace.—The Bible says, 'Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup.' For the sake of your temporal and eternal welfare, and for the sake of your mother and sister, stop drinking the dreadful cup. I know what temptations you have—that your companions will scorn you if you leave them and try to be a better and a wiser man. Don't let them influence you—be manly and courageous. You and they know that intemperance is wrong, and dreadfully injurious, and that 'no drunkard can enter the kingdom of God.' They will indeed respect you for taking the right course, though they may not have the moral courage to do right themselves. I advise you never to go near them, but if you meet them be a true man, and take courage and stand up for the right. How truly happy would you be, how much noble self-respect would you have, and how would conscience recommend your action. How will good people, and those who have watched you with a painful interest, respect you and encourage you. I know you need an encouraging voice, but don't you think you can't reform. There is a great hope if you will stand up with a manly courage, and dare tell your companions that you are determined to do right. Don't listen to a voice that tells you it is no matter if you take one glass; don't take one sip—don't even smell the poisoning cup, lest you can't resist it. As there is hope

for you, will you not make a manly resolve that you will not take one drop of intoxicating liquor, and that you will not go in the way of temptation? I beseech you will ask God daily for strength to enable you to do right. Remember that 'if you resist the devil he will flee from you,' and if you ask for strength from above, God will enable you to resist the temptations. I beseech you will go to work and keep busy all the time, and save your earnings, so that in time you will have a fund of your own saving, which will increase your self-respect and hope for the future. Especially let me beseech you that you will avoid all wicked companions and public places on the holy Sabbath, and that you will attend the house of God regularly, and that you will read the Bible and good books, and honor God, so that your conscience may be prepared for a better performance of duty. And I entreat you to reflect on your condition as a sinner before God, and flee from the wrath to come, and to lay hold on Christ as your Saviour. I trust that you will have courage and resolution enough to resist the temptations that beset you—to dare to do right in spite of scorn and ridicule. To see you an industrious, true Christian man, that you may be truly happy, is my strong longing. You need not answer this letter, but I shall wait with painful anxiety to hear that you have resolved to do right, and that you have not only resolved, but that you carry out that noble resolution. I can't find words to tell you how solemnly important I feel this matter to be, which must decide your temporal and eternal ruin or gain. Remember, you have a soul that must be saved or lost forever. May God help you!

MINNIE.

Livingston, Feb., 1861.

MR. EDITOR:—"My friend" Senex, in the February number of the *Guide*, in spite of his grey hairs, seems to stand in need of a "poke" of the longest and weightiest description, to keep him from frisking over the boundaries of sense, reason and courtesy. He asks, "What is the difference between such ornaments (i. e., pokes and pronged collars), and poles?" To ask such a question he must have seen them through a "multi-cracked glass," the use of which may account for the general crookedness of his discourse.

In concluding, he says, "After all, the true way to avoid the accidents to which Mr. Burnet refers, is to keep your eyes about you." I second the motion, and protest, as probably all your readers will, that I never yet left my eyes at home. But will Senex kindly explain how we are to use our eyes when light is wanting, especially as he does not seem disposed to let us carry material for light? Out in the country, where street lamps are unknown, a deaf man may have an errand out in a dark night, when he cannot get a lantern, and supposing it war time, and you have to escape from or circumvent an enemy, a lantern would betray you, and deliver you without chance of warning, into the hands of the enemy. In such a case, can he do better than feel his way with a pole or switch?

Let the reader who happens to wear spectacles, sit with his back to a window in the day time, and he will see reflected on his spectacles, the window behind him, and any object in a line with it, in or out of the room, while at the same time he has full view of the room, thus enabling him to look two ways at once, and perhaps, detect any tricks played on him.

There is some reason in the objection to the common idea of the deluge, that it rained, rained till the waters rose so as to cover the mountains; and there would be reason in thinking that the deluge must have been local (and there is much in that), if the mountains were as high, and the sea as deep then as now. But that is certainly more than we know. The expression, "The fountains of the great deep were broken up," indicates a great physical change in the crust of our globe, with which hint I leave the matter in the able hands of R. Palette.

J. R. B.

For the *Guide*.

DEAF AND DUMB POETS.

The number of Deaf writers of rhyme, (popularly magnified into deaf and dumb poets, for none of them are strictly deaf and dumb, and but few of them poets,) is quite considerable. We will not venture to discriminate between the few who are poets, and the many who are only rhymers; but will give a specimen or two of the poetry of each, and let the reader judge.

We will begin with James Nack of New York. He was born in January, 1809, and lost his hearing at the age of nine by a fall from a stair-case, his head being crushed by a heavy piece of furniture falling on it. He has been for many years a clerk in the office of the County Clerk in New York, and by the diligence, skill, rapidity and faithfulness with which he performed that part of the office work which consists in searching for encumbrances on titles to real estate, has risen to the head of that bureau.

This position is quite a lucrative one, and enables him to support his family comfortably, and indulge his benevolent feelings, and his literary tastes. Were it not for his precarious state of health, he might be considered a very fortunate and happy man. He has an amiable wife, and several children, all of whom hear and speak. He

himself can speak so as to be understood by his own family, and they communicate with him by the finger alphabet, never using gestures, I believe.

Mr. Nack has been a voluminous contributor to newspapers and magazines, and has at four different times collected into neat volumes selections of his poetical productions. The last of these, bearing the title "Romance of the Ring and other Poems," by James Nack," appeared in 1859.

We take a specimen of Nack's juvenile poems, from the volume published in 1827, "The legend of the Rocks and other poems."

SCORN REQUESTED.

I could not tremble at thy frown,
I could not kneel thy smile to gain,
But I had laid existence down
To save thee from a moment's pain.
Oh think not that I loved thee less
That words could ill my love express!
Before thy heart a pang should know
Mine own a sacrifice should bleed;
But one, more skill'd in words to show
The love I could but show in deed,
Has robb'd thy heart, and left me all
The scorn that on himself should fall.
Since lips profaned by nectared lies
Could make thy heart thy rival's prey,
I cannot but that heart despise,
And let affection die away,
And thy contempt, unjustly borne,
Repay thee with a juster scorn. J. R. B.

For the *Guide*.

MR. FLOURNOY, HIS GALLAUDETIA, &c.

I have read Mr. Fournoy's articles, which he has from time to time laid before his brethren in misfortune, projecting the establishment of a Deaf Mute commonwealth, for the purpose, as he thinks, of ameliorating their condition, and think it is time I should say a word or two on the subject.

The articles on the subject contritely by him to the *Guide*, together with his manly appeal to Congress for a grant of land in the West, wherein to build up the commonwealth, justly reflect credit on him. He may undoubtedly be deeply interested in the welfare of the mutes in general, otherwise he could not be expected to be so indefatigable in his exertions to carry out his long deliberated project, unless it might be that he has in view some selfish aspiration, which is very unlikely to be the case.

However philanthropic his intentions may be, he will be, as he has heretofore been, opposed by every educated mute, that is capable of consulting his own interest as well as that of others.

It is plainly obvious that if Mr. Fournoy's petition to Congress should meet its approval and his most sanguine expectations, there would still be an almost insurmountable barrier to overcome before he could have the satisfaction of beholding in any definite measure the establishment of the "Republic of Gallaudetia," the fruit of his labor, viz., the impracticability of inducing a sufficient number of well educated mutes to take up their residence there, whereby to render it independent and capable of maintaining its own public affairs.

I fully concur with Raphael Palette in saying that the Deaf and Dumb, as a general rule, are proverbially garrulous, and will add, that with few exceptions, make bores of themselves by invariably making visits, when asked only for manners' sake, and prolonging their stay to an unnecessary length of time. I have often had some call on me at my room in the evening, and remain till long after the proper hour of retiring, and could only get rid of them by resorting to the disagreeable task of giving out hints, or plainly telling them that I was not accustomed to such late hours as I was being kept up. It is hoped that whenever they make a visit, they will try to make themselves interesting, and as soon as their mission is fulfilled, to prepare to leave, and if asked to prolong their stay, respectfully decline, as almost every body in so asking, do it for manners' sake and nothing more.

Well, now to Mr. Fournoy. He has said enough on his subject, and I think it time he should quit his piling Pelion upon Ossa, and devote his talents to something more useful.

EN AVANT.

The Sign-language of the American Indians. — How the savages converse without knowledge of languages.

Mr. J. G. Kohl, an English traveller in America, writes:

"When speaking, for instance, of the Great Spirit, they generally direct a reverent or timid glance upwards, or point the fore finger perpendicularly but gently to the sky.

When alluding to the sun, or to the time, which is much the same thing, as the sun is their clock, when the event to which they are alluding to occurred, they point fixedly to that point, and hold their arm in that position for several moments.

When speaking of a day, they pass the finger along the entire vault of heaven, commencing at the East and terminating at the West. This is the sign for one day. If a shot has to be mentioned in the story, they usually strike the palm of the left with the

back of the right, so as to produce a slight sound.

If describing a journey on horseback, the two first fingers of the right are placed astride of the fore finger of the left hand, and both represent the galloping movements of a horse. If it is a foot journey, they wave the two fingers several times through the air.

In counting, the ten fingers are naturally used, and the number is not only held up, but mentioned.

In this, and by many hundred similar gestures, they supplement and support their oral remarks. And it will be seen from the gestures I have described, that the tongue can be frequently allowed to rest, and the meaning perfectly conveyed by the signs.

Suppose an Indian wished to tell another that he had ridden for three days on the prairie, he would first point to his own worthy person; that would indicate I. Then he sets his fingers a galloping as I have described. This perfects the idea, "I have travelled on horseback." Next he passes his hand once athwart the sky, which furnishes the idea of "day," and finally holds up three fingers before his friend's eye, to show that he has spent three days.

It is a curious fact that though Indian dialects differ so greatly, this language of the signs is the same for enormous distances. All travellers who have crossed the prairies told me that there was only one sign language, which all the Indians comprehended, and any one who had learned it could travel with it from one end of America to the other.

For such signs as those of which I have given specimens, such as the sun, a day, a number, a horseman &c., when nothing better or more natural could be chosen, this is easily to be understood. But the sign language developed itself to a greater extent, and undertook a visible representation of abstract ideas. Thus, for instance, if desirous to express the idea of beauty; this could not be imitated like the explosion of a gun, still, some sign to express this idea could be agreed upon. Most curiously, the Indian races were unanimous in accepting the same sign. When they wish to explain that they saw a beautiful woman, they pass the flat hand gently and slowly through the air as if imitating the wave line. Even the sex is described unanimously. When speaking of a woman, the Indians pass the hand once down the face and the whole body, as if wishing to indicate the long waving dresses, or graceful contour of the female body.—This smoothing of the face universally means a member of the fair sex.

A copious grammar of this language of signs might be written. How rich it would be may be drawn by the fact that Indians of two different tribes, who do not understand a word of each other's spoken language, will sit for half a day on one spot, talking and chatting, and telling each other all sorts of stories, with movements of their fingers, heads and hands.

A hollow hand, with the motion of drawing water, signifies water. When the finger traces serpentine lines on the ground, it is a river. A hand moved up and down in the air signifies a mountain.

The several beasts have naturally their special signs. Usually only some characteristic portion of the animal is imitated. For instance, the horns. The horns of the buffalo differ from those of the elk, and thus the entire animal is indicated. The idea of a large number, or many, is described by clutching at the air several times with both hands. The motion resembles that of dances playing the castagnettes.

Little or nothing, is signified by passing one hand over the other.

Very curious, but quite universal is the sign for admiration among the American Indians. They hold the hollow hand for some time before the mouth. This, however, I suspect a species of *quid pro quo*, and the sign—namely, the mouth widely opened in amazement—is concealed behind it. They hold the hand to the mouth and conceal the face behind it because it is improper to display emotion or admiration.

For the *Guide*.

WHAT CONSTITUTES 'THE MAN'?

(AN ESSAY BY JOHN EMERSON.)

In the first place, let it be borne in mind, that the man is or should be what Nature delights to designate out of her finest elements:—an embodiment of Love, Wisdom, Aspiration and Harmony—the coronation of universal nature—the unfolded flower of reason—the fountain of intuition—and a universe of divine principles wherein is inductively recognized a miniature of God. The man is such a one as has reached that happy condition of maturity wherein are all his passions completely controlled, desires properly regulated, and sensibilities chastened by the governing principle of wisdom; and wherein does a harmonious development of each and all of the highest and noblest faculties play or act in sweet concert with Nature's absolute and universal laws. He is just what is required for the progress of the present, as he is the grand representative of what others might be at

once; unfolding principles and representing what is now and is to be the next. Such, in a prominent sense, is the guiding centre of the developments of the present day; doctrinating what is possible and obtainable in the application of principles in harmony with nature, and thus ignoring the *cannots* or negative positions of the merest superficialist of the stubborn and retrospective age. Moreover he is what may be justly styled the leading mind of the age, and, in particular, is an imparter; his highest happiness is to impart instruction, consolation and happiness to all around him, inciting him to noblest and holiest actions, and lighting them over the only and true way leading to the ever-ascending stages of progression. Nature is his perpetually unfolding teacher and he her tractable pupil. He has an unflinching trust in the triumph of Right, and consequently a great firmness of purpose, requisite to the formation of a marked individuality and reliable character.

Just as a majestic rising rock whose breast forms an immovable shield in the midst of a turbulent sea, withstands tempestuous surges which dash it with impetuous roar, so does the self-made man push back the enemies of his progress. Divine principles are his eternal instrumentalities whereby he bases his positions on the highest strata of progressive ages. Hence he seems to be consistent with what makes him feel insignificantly little progressing onward—upward and heavenward. "The true man," says Ralph Waldo Emerson, in one of his lectures, "is the true aristocrat. Upon him, things, nature and men delight to heap gifts. A fine organization is a fortune." Of the positiveness of this shrewd observation there can be no doubt, inasmuch as there is a powerful amount of attraction about the true man of divine principles which, though unseen, yet is not unfelt within the circle of his influence. As well might it be added that the truly true, practically good, heaven-wise, actively beneficent and beautifully harmonious man is Nature's noblest nobleman. Such is, emphatically speaking, the true yet unostentatious autocrat of harmonizing righteousness, whose good actions are not only lovingly devoted to the elevation of his own humble self but all around him.

The whole man is "Sole monarch of all he can survey," that is, to say, monarch of all his moral worth entitles him to—of what he can gain and produce by means his own honorable exertions—of what he can use rightly, see morally and feel justly within the expansion of his interior nature. It may be asked, how can the requisites of such a true organization be reached? The following answers are offered herein as suggestive in themselves; namely,

Firstly, by means of "Know yourself or study yourself," wherein consists the constant exercise of self-analysis and self-regeneration.

Secondly, by a wise yet firm determination to rise superior to surrounding influences, circumstances and situations and hereditary predispositions—striving to overcome evil with good; and keeping an even mind or an equanimity of temper at all events.

Thirdly, by adopting a measure to so unfold the body by a system of gymnastic and athletic exercises, that the higher and nobler faculties may be easily called forth into due activity.

Fourthly, by a thorough and impartial cultivation of the individualities, in particular, far away from any influence of a gross and corrupting nature.

Fifthly, by a complete and harmonious unfoldment of the physical—the mental—the moral—the social—the religious—the emotional—the spiritual and the celestial faculties, each and all of which are most essential to form the whole man.

Sixthly, by living in accordance with nature's laws, which are strictly identical with those of health or harmony—that is, to say, by being in constant with the soil and the ameliorating influences of heaven, which include the sweet atmospheric air, pure sunshine, heat, rain, dews, winds, cold, frost, snow, beautiful surroundings, etc.

Seventhly, by using finer food and purer drinks to the exclusion of everything hurtful—by being temperate in all things—and being true to one's self, true to nature, true to man and true to God; thus making good use of everything, both external and interior.

Let the motto be deeply engraved on

the tablet of memory, "Worth makes the man—the want of it the fellow."
Howland, Me., Jan. 1861.

MR. EDITOR:—I noticed the statement in your last number that several persons of late, (all, fortunately, from our locality,) have sent word to have their paper discontinued. What is the matter? Surely, if it is because every article does not suit them, they must be very illiberal, to say the least. If you have an honest conviction that the deaf mute children of Massachusetts should be educated at home, why should you not, as well as others, say so? The way I look at it, every one among us should take the paper; it is devoted to the interests of our class, and it is our most powerful agent for the cultivation of those feelings which link us together in common sympathy, to use your own phrase. I cannot but think that if a few may be disposed to fall off, there will be others to put forth a friendly and public spirited effort for the *Guide*. If all the present subscribers would try to get one more, much good might be done thereby, and therefore enclosed you will please find a "three spot," which will pay for three copies, to be sent to three persons who may not be able to take it—widows for instance. JOHN.

For the *Guide*.

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

Oft in the stilly night, while as usual
In my lone room I sit,
Matters it not what I'm doing,
My e'er-wandering mind
Busy as a bee, is dreaming
Of a spot to me sacred,
Where a few ever dear friends
Their pleasant abode have.
O, how I long to be among them,
Their pleasures to share,
And troubles to ease.
Time, O, time, as thou wing'st me onward,
Safely once more to those dear friends
Bring me, where in joys I can mingle
Ne'er more on earth to part
Till the heavenly trump soundeth.
EN AVANT.

THE GALLAUDET GUIDE, AND DEAF MUTE'S COMPANION, is the name of a new journal, just entering on its second year, which comes to us enlarged and improved, and is devoted to the interests of the Deaf Mute in particular, but designed to contribute to the information of all; published every month by The New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf Mutes, Boston, for \$1 per annum, and edited by Amos Smith, Jr. It is almost needless for us to pass any encomium upon it, for its character is so well established among Deaf Mutes as to need no praise from us. All Deaf Mutes should have it; and no present would be more acceptable to them than a year's subscription to the above named journal.—*Canajohati (N. Y.) Radii*.

TREATMENT OF COLDS.

If a man begins to cough, or the result of a common cold, it is the result of nature herself attempting the cure, and she will effect it in her own time, and more effectually than any man can do, if she is only let alone, and her instincts cherished.

What are those instincts? She abhors food and craves warmth. Hence, the moment a man is satisfied that he has taken a cold, let him do three things: First, eat not an atom; second, go to bed and cover up warm in a warm room; third, drink as much cold water as he wants, or as much herb tea as he can, and in three cases out of four he will be almost entirely well within thirty-six hours. If he does nothing for his cold within eighty-four hours after the cough commences, there is nothing that he can swallow, that will, by any possibility, do him any good, for a cold, with such a start, will run its course of about a fortnight, in spite of all that can be done, and what is swallowed in the meantime, in the way of physic, is a hindrance, and not a good. "Feed a cold and starve a fever," is a mischievous fallacy. A cold always brings a fever; the cold never begins to get well until the fever begins to subside; but every mouthful swallowed is that much more fuel to feed the fever, and, but for a rapid subsidence that the cold is fairly seated, nature, in a kind of desperation, steps in and takes away the appetite, the commonest cold would be followed by very serious results, and in frail people would be almost always fatal. These things being so, the very first of waiting forty-eight hours, gives time for the cold to fix itself in the system, for a cold does not usually cause coughing until a day or two has passed, and then, to wait two or three days longer, gives it the fullest chance to do its work before anything at all is done. [Hall's Journal of Health.

Among some of the Pacific Islanders, the word for hope is beautifully expressive. It is *manaolana*, or the *swimming thought*—faith floating and keeping its head above water, when all the waves and billows are going over one—a strikingly beautiful definition of hope, worthy to be set down along with the answer which a deaf and dumb person wrote with his pencil, in reply to the question, "What was his idea of forgiveness?" "It is the odor which flowers yield when trampled upon."

Married, in Hamilton, Madison Co., N. Y. Feb. 27, by Rev. J. R. Johnson, Goodrich E. Risley, of Hubbardville, to Miss Jane Simmons of New York Mills.

The happy couple are deaf mutes. The bride is an orphan. She has been such from early childhood. She has found a good husband and a good home. J. R. J.

THE CLERK'S MARRIAGE.

"You are a brave young man, or a very foolish one."

"Why do you say that?"

"To think of marriage."

"What has bravery or folly to do in the case?"

"The young lady is poor."

"I do not wed her for money."

"There would be some hope for you if she were the possessor of twenty or thirty thousand dollars. But being as poor as yourself, the folly of this purpose stands out in bold relief. Look before you leap, my friend; there's trouble for you on the other side."

"I am not sordid, Mr. Blair." The young man's face glowed, and his eyes flashed with a repressed indignation.

"Not sordid enough, Adrain, for marriage, as society is now constituted. There are two sides to the question of marriage; the sentimental side, and the matter-of-fact side. Now, you have looked only at the sentimental side. Suppose we consider the matter-of-fact aspects. You are a clerk, receiving a salary of one thousand dollars. How much have you saved?"

"Nothing to speak of."

"Nothing! So much the worse. If it costs you a thousand dollars per annum to live, from whence is to come the means of supporting a wife and family?"

"Oh I've been careless and wasteful in expenditure as most young men are. I had only myself to provide for, and was self-indulgent. But that will cease, of course."

"Granted, for arguments sake. The young lady you propose to marry is named Rose Newell."

"Yes."

"A charming young girl; well educated; finely accomplished; used to good society, as we say; and just suited for my friend Adrain, if she had money, or he an income of three or four thousand a year. But the idea of making her a happy wife, in the city of New York, on a thousand dollars, is simply preposterous. It can't be done, sir; and the attempt will prove ruinous to the happiness of both parties to so foolish an arrangement. It is a matter of the easiest demonstration, Adrain; and I wonder so good an accountant as you are, should not, ere this, have tried this question by mathematical rules. Let me do it for you. And first, we will look at Rosa's present sphere of life. She has a home with Mr. Hart, an uncle, and is living in rather a luxurious way. Mr. Hart is a man who thinks a good deal of appearances, and maintains a domestic establishment that does not cost less than four thousand dollars a year. His house rent is equal to your whole salary. Now, in taking Rosa from this home, into what kind of a one can you place her?"

A sober hue of thought came over the young man's face.

"You cannot afford to rent a house at even one-half the cost of Mr. Hart's even if you were able to buy furniture," continued Mr. Blair.

"We will board, of course," said Adrain. "Housekeeping is not to be thought of in the beginning."

"If not in the beginning, how afterwards?"

The young man looked a little bewildered, but did not answer.

"What are you now paying for board?"

"Five dollars a week."

"You would require a parlor and bedroom after marriage?"

"Yes."

"At a cost of not less than fifteen dollars a week."

Adrain sighed.

"We could hardly afford the parlor."

"Hardly," said his friend. "Well, we give up the parlor, and take a pleasant front chamber on the second floor, at twelve dollars a week. But the house is not first class, nor the location very desirable. These are not to be had in New York at twelve dollars a week. You cannot afford for Rosa the elegancies of her present home. Three dollars more a week for washing and etceteras, and your income is drawn upon at the rate of seven hundred and eighty dollars a year. Two hundred and twenty left for clothing and all other expenses! And so far it has taken nearly three times that sum to meet your own demands. It has a bad look, Adrain."

"I was wasteful and self-indulgent," said the young man, in a voice from which the confident tone had departed. "It will scarcely cost Rosa and me for clothing one-half of what I expended."

"Say one-half, and your income will not reach the demand. What was your tailor's bill last year?"

"One hundred and sixty dollars."

"Say two hundred including boots, hats, etcetera?"

"Yes."

"You could hardly get this below a hundred and fifty."

"Perhaps not."

The young man's voice was growing husky.

"That will leave seventy dollars for your wife's clothing, and nothing for pleasures, recreations, little luxuries, or unanticipated but unavoidable expenses. And if it be so with you two in good health, what will be the condition of things in sickness and with children to support and educate. Adrain, my young friend; there is debt, embarrassment, disappointment, and a miserable life before you. Pause and retrace your steps before it is too late. If you love Rosa, spare her this impending fate. Leave her in her pleasant home, or to grace that of a man better able than you are to provide her with the external blessings of life. You cannot marry on a thousand dollars a year, and it is folly to think of it."

"We could get board for ten dollars a week," said Adrain.

"That would scarcely help the matter at all. At best, it would only make a difference in the amount of your indebtedness at the close of each year. It is folly to think of it, my young friend. You can't afford to marry."

"It has a dark look, but there is no holding up now," replied Adrain, in a gloomy way. "We have mutually pledged each other, and the day of our marriage has been appointed."

"I'm sorry for you," said the friend, a bachelor of forty, who, on an income of fifteen hundred dollars a year, could see no possible chance for a happy marriage in the city of New York, and preferred celibacy to the embarrassments which he saw hundreds of his friends encounter in their attempts to live in a style out of all proportion to their resources. "I'm sorry for you," he repeated; "but if you will bend your neck to the yoke, you must not complain of the burden you find yourself compelled to bear."

Strange as it may appear, the young clerk, Henry Adrain, had never before looked this matter of income, expenditure, and style of living, fairly in the front. The actual aspect of the case, when clearly seen, threw his mind into a state of troubled bewilderment. He went over and over again the calculation suggested by Mr. Blair, a bookkeeper in the establishment where he was employed, cutting off a little from one proposed expenditure and another, but not being able to get the cost of living down to the range of his salary, except when the style was so far below that in which his wife must move, that he turned half sick from his contemplation. The more steadily he looked at the truth, the more heavily came the pressure of its stony weight upon his heart. To go forward was little less than madness, yet how could he hold back now?

Rosa sat alone, reading, in one of her uncle's parlors, waiting for her lover. He was later than usual, so late that her book began to lose its interest, and at last lay closed on her lap, while a shade fell over her expectant face. A single glance at Rosa's countenance revealed the fact that she was a girl of some character. There was no soft, voluptuous languor about her, but an erectness of position as she sat, and a firmness of tone in all her features, that indicated an active mind and self-reliance.

An hour later than usual, Adrain came.

"Are you sick, Henry?" asked Rosa, as she took his hand, and fixed her eyes on his sober face.

"Not sick, but troubled in mind," he replied without evasion.

"Why are you troubled, Henry?"—And Rosa drew an arm tenderly around her lover.

"Sit down, and I will tell you. The trouble concerns us both, Rosa."

The young girl's face grew pale. They sat down close together, holding each other's hands. But in Adrain's countenance there was a resolute expression, such as we see in the countenance of a man who has settled a question of difficult solution.

"The day fixed for our marriage is only two months distant," he said. The tone in which he spoke chilled the heart

of Rosa. She did not answer, but kept her gaze on his face.

"Rosa, we must re-consider this matter. We have acted without forethought."

Her face became paler, her lips fell apart, her eyes had a frightened expression.

"I love you, Rosa, tenderly, truly. My heart is not turning from you. I would hasten, rather than retard, the day of our marriage. But there are considerations beyond that day, which have presented themselves, and demand sober consideration. In a word, Rosa, I cannot afford to marry. My income will not justify the step."

The frightened look went out of Rosa's eyes.

"It was wrong in me ever to have sought your love."

Her hand tightened on his, and she shrank closer to his side.

"I am a clerk, with only a thousand dollars of income, and I do not see much beyond to hope for. Rosa, the furniture of these parlors cost twice the amount of my salary. The rent of the home in which you now live is equal to what I receive a year. I cannot take you from all this elegance into a third-class boarding-house, the best my means will provide. No, no, Rosa, it would be unjust, selfish, wrong, cruel. How blind in me ever to have thought of so degrading the one I love!"

The young man was strongly agitated.

"And this is all that troubles you, Henry?"

"Is it not enough? Can I look at the two alternatives that present themselves, and not grow heart-sick? If we marry what is before us? Humiliation, deprivation, and all the ills that poverty brings for you, and debt, trouble, and a lifelong embarrassment for me. If we separate, each taking different ways in life—oh, Rosa, I am not strong enough to choose that alternative!"

And his form trembled under the pressure of excitement.

"You love me, Henry." The voice of Rosa was calm, yet burdened with feeling.

"As my own life, darling. Have I not said so a hundred times?"

"And even as my life do I love you, Henry."

For several moments her face lay hidden in his bosom. Then lifting it, Rosa said:

"I am glad you have spoken on this subject, Henry. I could not approach it, myself, but, now that we have it before us, let it be well considered. Your income is one thousand dollars?"

"Yes."

"A sum large enough to supply all the real wants of two persons who have independence enough not to be enslaved by a mere love of appearances."

"Why, darling, it will require more than half of my salary to pay for respectable boarding."

"Taking it for granted that, after our marriage, I am to sit down in a boarding-house, with hands folded, an idle independent on your labor. But I shall not so construe my relation to my husband. I will be a help-meet for him. I will stand by his side, sharing life's burdens."

"All that is in your heart, darling, I know," returned Adrain. "But we are hedged round by social forms that act as a hindrance. You cannot help me. Society will demand of us a certain style of living, and we must conform to it, or be pushed aside from all circles of refinement, taste, and intelligence. I cannot accept this ostracism for you, Rosa. It is not right."

"As if a false, heartless world were more to me than a true, loving husband! Henry, the central point of social happiness is home; as the home is so will our lives be—rather let me say, as we are so will our homes be—centres of gloom or brightness. What others think of us is really of little account in making up the sums of our enjoyments as we pass through life; but what we are in ourselves is everything. We must be in the centres of our own world of happiness, or our lives will be incomplete. Can a fine establishment like this, in which I live in weak dependence, fill the measure of my desires? Can it bring peace and contentment? No, no, Henry. The humblest apartments, shared with you, would be a palace to my soul instead. I am not speaking with the romantic enthusiasm of an ardent girl, but soberly, truthfully, Henry. No, dearest, we will not make our lives wretched by living

apart, because we cannot make a fine appearance in other people's eyes. God has given us love for each other, and the means of happiness if we will use them. Let us take his good gifts in thankfulness. You have an income of one thousand dollars. We must not expect to live as those do who have two, or three, or four thousand dollars a year. Be that folly far from us, Henry! I am equal to the self-denial it will require, if the word 'self-denial' is to be used. Are not you also? Oh, Henry! is there any joy to be imagined beyond that which flows from the conjunction of two loving hearts? and shall pride and a weak spirit of social conformity come in to rob us of our blessings?"

The young man had come, sternly resolved to put off the day of marriage. He parted from his betrothed that night, looking forward with golden-hued hopes for its arrival. They had talked over the future, practically and sensibly. The lover's fond pride, which had looked to a fair social appearance for his young wife, gave place to a better view of things. He saw that his love had fixed itself upon a true woman, and that in the humbler sphere in which their lot was cast all attainable happiness was in store for them, if they would but open their hearts in an orderly way for its reception. One thing said to him by Rosa in that evening's talk we repeat, for the sake of young wives, or maidens on the eve of marriage.

"Be mine, dear Henry," she said, "the task of ordering and regulating our domestic affairs in conformity with your means. I will give all thought to that. Your income is fixed, and I shall know exactly the range of expenditure we must adopt. Do not fear debt and embarrassment. These wretched forms shall never enter your home, while I stand sentinel at the door. If the husband gives his life to care and work, shall not the wife do the same? If he provides to the best of his ability, shall not she dispense with wise frugality his earnings? She that fails to do this, is not worthy of her position."

"And so you are bent on this folly?" said the bachelor clerk, on the day preceding that on which Adrain was to be married.

"Yes, if you choose to call it folly," was the answer.

"Where are you going? To Saratoga?"

"We shall go nowhere."

"What! Will you not make a bridal tour?"

"No. A clerk who only receives a salary of one thousand dollars can't afford to spend it in making a bridal tour."

Mr. Blair shrugged his shoulders, and arched his eyebrows, as much as to say: "If I couldn't afford a bridal tour, I'd not marry."

On the day after Adrain's wedding, he was at his usual place in the counting-room. He received from his fellow-clerks a few feeble congratulations. Most of them thought him a fool to burden himself with a wife not worth a dollar.

"When I marry I'll better my condition; not make it worse," was the unspoken thought of more than one.

"Where are you boarding?" asked Mr. Blair, indifferently, two or three weeks after Adrain's marriage.

"No where," was replied. "We are at housekeeping."

"What!"

"At housekeeping."

"What is your rent?"

"Two hundred dollars, and half of that my wife, good little wife, is to pay in music lessons to our landlord's daughters. We have two pleasant rooms in a third story. I furnished these with the money it would have taken for the usual bridal tour. Rosa has the use of the kitchen and insists on doing her own cooking and housework for the present. I demurred, and do demur; but she says that 'work is worship' if performed conscientiously and dutifully as she is performing it. And, with all this, we are very happy, Mr. Blair, as you shall witness. To-morrow you must go home with me, take tea and spend the evening."

Mr. Blair accepted the invitation. He had met Rosa, occasionally, before her marriage, and knew her to be a bright, accomplished young woman, fitted to move in refined and intelligent circles, and he felt some curiosity to see her, in the new position of mistress and maid to her own household. The Third Avenue cars bore the two men a long, long way from the city's throbbing heart toward

the more quiet exterior, where they alighted, and after a short walk, entered a modest looking house with well tended shrubbery in the little front garden. To the third story they ascended, and there the young wife met them. Not blushing and with stammering apologies for their poor home; but with such ease and sweet self-possession—with such a happy light in her eyes, and such loving smiles about her lips—that Mr. Blair felt himself at once transferred to an earthly paradise. As soon as time came for observation, he took note of what was around him.

The furniture of the room into which he had been ushered, could have scarcely been plainer. In the centre, stood a small breakfast table, covered with a snowy cloth, and set for three persons. Four cane-seat chairs, a work stand, a hanging shelf for books, a mantle ornament or two of no special value, an ingrain carpet on the floor, and plain white curtains looped back with blue ribbons, made up the complete inventory. No not the complete inventory; for there was a piano against the wall, the dark case and plain style of which showed it to be no recent purchase. The instrument had been Rosa's, as the observant visitor correctly inferred.

After a pleasant talk of some minutes, Rosa left the room, and not long after returned, bearing a tray on which were tea, toast, butter, biscuit, cold tongue and sweetmeats. There was a beautiful glow on her face as she entered, but nothing of shame or hurt pride. With her own fair hands she arranged the table, and then took her place at the head, to serve her husband and his friend.

The heart of Mr. Blair glowed and stirred with a new impulse as he looked into the pure, sweet, happy face of the young wife, as she poured the tea, and served the meal which she had prepared.

After supper, Rosa removed the tea things, and was absent nearly half an hour. She returned through her chamber, which adjoined their little parlor, breakfast and sitting room, all in one, with just the slightest change in her attire, and looking as fresh, happy and beautiful, as if entering a drawing room filled with company. The evening passed in reading, music, and pleasant conversation. As Mr. Blair was about retiring, Adrain said:

"Do you think, now, that we were fools to marry?"

Rosa stood with her hands drawn within one arm of her husband, and clasped; and with a face radiantly happy.

A shade crept over Mr. Blair's countenance.

"No, not fools, but wise, as others might be, if they were courageous enough to do as you have done, Mrs. Adrain," and he took the young wife's hand, "I honor your bravery, your independence, your true love, that cannot be overshadowed by worldliness, that mildew of the heart, that blight on your social life. You are a thousand times happier in your dutiful seclusion, than any fashion-loving wife, or slave to external appearance, can ever be."

"I love my husband, and I live for him," and Rosa leaned closer to the manly form by her side. "I understood, when we married, that he was a life toiler; that our home would be established and sustained by the work of his hands; and I understood as well that I was not his superior, but only his equal, and that if it was right and honorable for him to work, it could be no less right and honorable for me. Was it to sit idle, and have a servant to wait on me, when his was a lot of toil? No—no—no! I had my part to perform as well as he, and I am performing it to the best of my ability."

"You are a true woman, a wise woman, a good woman," said Mr. Blair, with ardor; "and you will be as happy as you deserve to be. I thought Henry a fool to marry on a thousand dollars, and I told him so. But I take back my words. If such women as you were plentiful, we could all marry, and find our salaries ample. Good night, and may God bless you!"

And the bachelor clerk, who could not afford to marry on fifteen hundred dollars a year, went to his lonely home—lonely, though peopled thickly—and sitting down in his desolate chamber, dreamed the sweet picture of domestic felicity he had seen, and sighed for a sweet hiding place from the world, and all its false protection and heartless show.

BURIAL OF A LEG.—The friends of a man who recently had a leg amputated buried the limb with due form. Supposing the same man should lose the other leg in Japan, and an arm in Australia, and another in Patagonia, will the air be full of these limbs seeking the body at the resurrection?

When is a loaf of bread like a young savage? A.—When there is a little Indian in it.

Write down in figures eleven thousand eleven hundred and eleven.

How is it that Methuselah was the oldest man when he died before his father?

Why are cashmere shawls like deaf persons? A.—Because we cannot make them here.

—As an evidence of the healthiness of Nantucket, it is stated that among the six hundred voters in that town, one hundred and thirty are upwards of 70 years of age.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.—An Irishman, after telling several "extended" lies, was asked by his employer what he thought would become of his soul when he died. Pat answered that "he hoped it would go to Ireland."

"That's the rock on which we split," as the man said to his wife, when asked to rock the cradle.

Boston and New York NORWICH LINE.

Cabin passage, \$4; Deck passage, \$2.50

Steamboat Train leaves Boston & Worcester R. R. Station, Albany street, at 5 P. M. for Steamer Connecticut, Capt. Wm. Wilcox, Monday, Wednesdays and Fridays.

Tickets, berths and staterooms secured at the R. R. Station, and at the office of Adams Express Company. Through tickets to New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and the principal places South secured at 84 Washington street.

F. H. JONES, Agent.

Carpetings and Window Shades.

THE attention of all who are in want of the above named goods, is respectfully called to our arrangement for the SPRING TRADE, which will enable us to offer inducements, both in style and prices, which cannot be surpassed. Our connection with

Foreign and American Manufacturers is such, that we shall always have their latest productions at the very earliest moment, many styles of which will be confined exclusively to our own sales.

Customers will be particular to notice, that in addition to our stock of

CARPETING AND OIL CLOTHS.

We are largely engaged in the manufacture and sale of every description of *Window Shade and Curtain Goods*, which will enable them to make their selections from one stock, which cannot be done at any other store in the city.

Those who are in search of the latest and best styles can find them here, at the lowest prices; and those who are not so particular as to style, but prefer a better quality at a low price, can have a selection from goods which we are constantly receiving from *New York Auction Sales*, at great bargains.

GEO. W. CHIPMAN & CO., 78 and 80 Union, and 136 Hanover St., Boston.

P. S.—We make and sell the best Curtain Fixtures in the country, which we will offer to the trade at a bargain.

THE undersigned have established themselves in

Chambers No. 140 Washington St.

[NEARLY OPPOSITE SCHOOL STREET,]

and have opened an entirely new and elegant stock of

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, DOE-SKINS AND VESTINGS,

Suitable for the Spring and Summer Trade.

They would respectfully invite the attention of their friends and the public to an inspection, feeling assured, that the assortment is such as will meet the wants and tastes of all.

Their assortment is now complete; and they intend, at all times, to have in store, a full and ample selection of such Goods as is usually found in a first-class Tailoring establishment.

J. B. VIVIAN & SONS.

THE ATTENTION OF PERSONS PURCHASING

LOOKING-GLASSES

UPHOLSTERY GOODS, FURNITURE, ETC.

Is respectfully invited to the very complete assortment at No. 12 CORNHILL, and 25 WASHINGTON ST.

Where may be found a great variety of HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES, at MODERATE PRICES, adapted to the taste of all.

Particular attention is given to UPHOLSTERY WORK, DRAPERIES, SHADES, etc., furnished at short notice. CORNICES, BANDS, PINS, RINGS, &c.—a full stock.

ONE OF THE BEST STOCKS OF

LACE CURTAINS

IN THE CITY

May be found at our store from the lowest price to the most costly, comprising some of entirely new patterns, and of extra quality.

Also FEATHER BEDS, FEATHERS by the pound, PURE CURLED HAIR MATTRESSES, &c.

THE LOOKING-GLASS DEPARTMENT

Contains the most fashionable Parisian styles, and the Plates, of all sizes and shapes, are of the PUREST FRENCH WHITE.

In store, a very extensive assortment of LOOKING-GLASSES, suitable for general use.

BLAKE & DAVENPORT, Manufacturers and Importers. 12 Cornhill and 25 Washington St., Boston.

B. E. DELAND, (Formerly DELAND & SNOW,) IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

WINES, BRANDIES, GIN, WHISKEYS, CIGARS, &c. &c.

No. 7 MERCHANTS ROW, Near State St. } BOSTON.